The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

NASH

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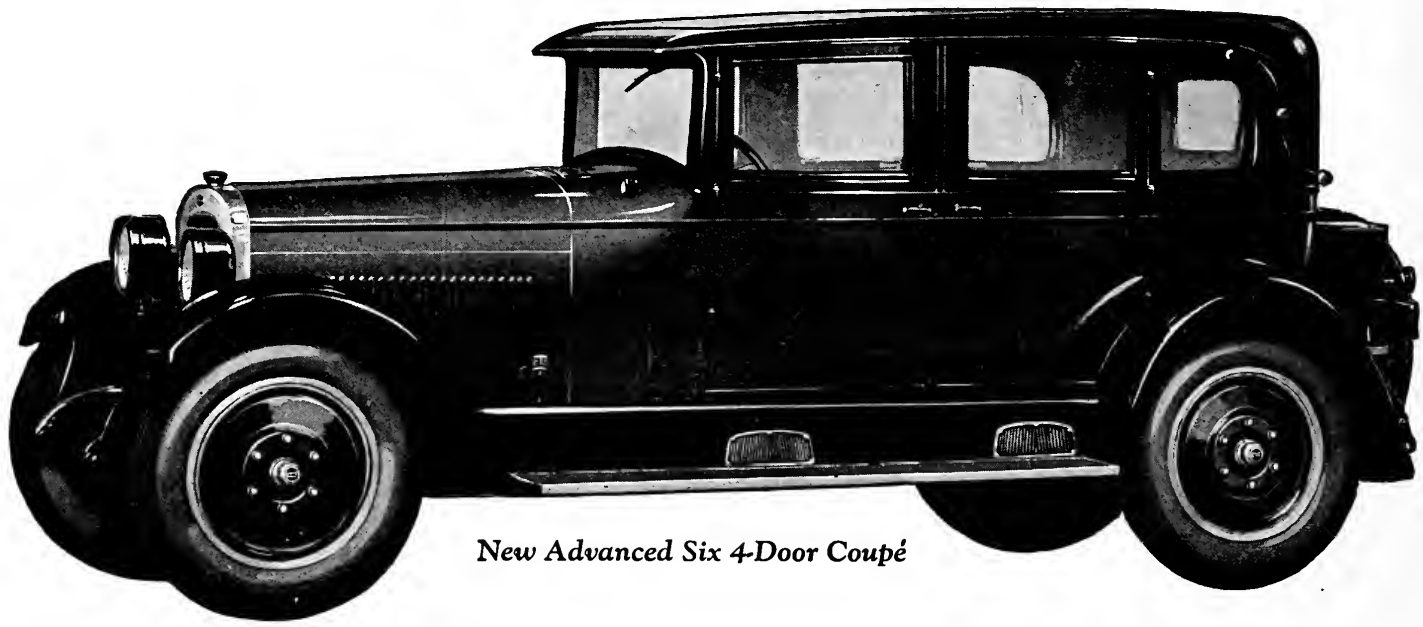

New Advanced Six 4-Door Coupé

Presenting the New Advanced Six 4-Door Coupé

In this new Nash enclosed model there has been achieved the long, low smart effect that formerly identified expensive motor cars of extended wheelbase.

The finely-fashioned Nash-Seaman body rides low to the road. With its new gracefully-curving French type roof it exemplifies superbly the richest art of body craftsmanship.

Note the simple dignity and exquisite beauty that characterizes the interior.

The frosted silver hardware is of a select Old Empire pattern; there's a silver finished vanity case and smoking set; a heater; and the deep rich upholstery is of the choicest mohair velvet.

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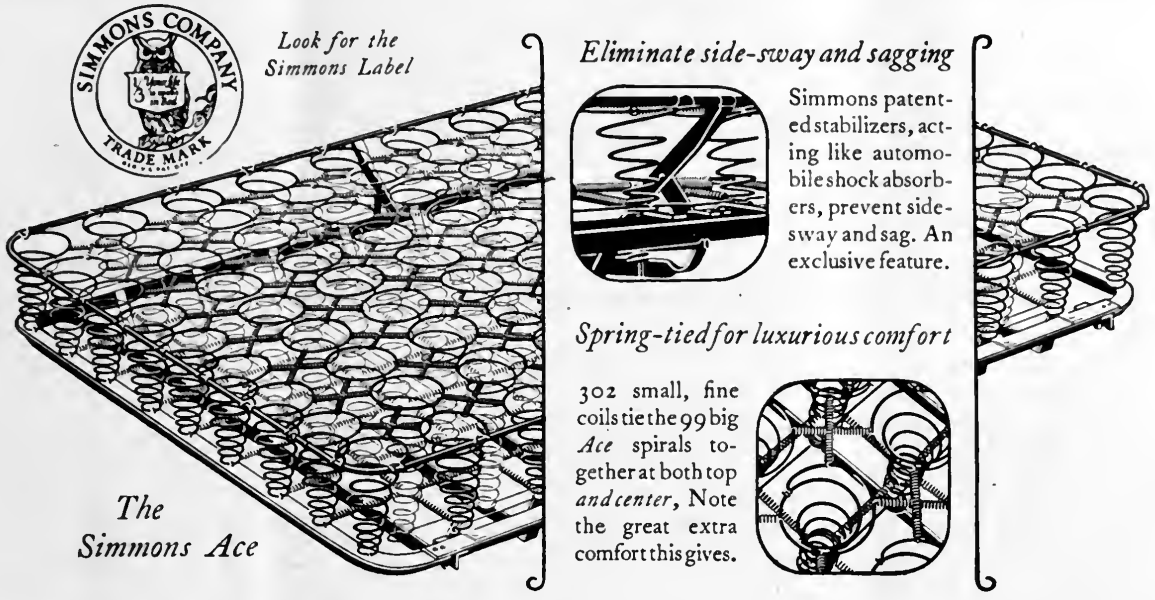
And four-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires and five disc wheels are included at no extra cost.

The Nash Motors Company *Kenosha, Wis.* (2176)



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The Simmons *Ace* spring cushions you in matchless comfort for years after other makes are carted away by the junk man.

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Different freight rates make price of The Ace slightly higher in Rocky Mountain district and on Pacific Coast

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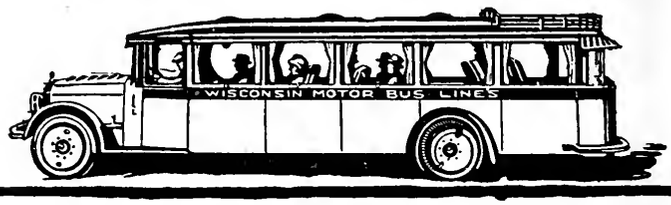
BUILT FOR SLEEP



"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who ne'er unto himself hath said, this is my own, my native land?"

A VACATION OF THE HEART'S DESIRE

Delightful, Inspiring, Enjoyable Trips Through "The Wonderland of the Central West"—"See Wisconsin First" Tours.

NIGHT is falling. Twilight has long since mellowed its golden gleams and turquoise blues into purple blacks. Far to the west beyond the bay, there is just a faint, last merging tint of the dying day. Across the waters, lights are twinkling, and in its deep mirrored depths the first stars of the evening are softly reflected. Peace and quiet prevail. The very surroundings breathe of restfulness and utter relaxation.

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Into this Wonderland of scenic beauty, rich in Indian lore and filled with historic interest, the "See Wisconsin First" Tours take you. One cannot do justice to it all by word and description. There is something that comes to you, that reaches one's finer nature on these tours.

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The Wisconsin Magazine

HARDY STEEHOLM, Editor

SEPTEMBER
1925

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The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

September, 1925

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

"BACKWARD, turn backward, oh, time in your flight." The day was fair, the motor chugged—as should a gentlemanly motor when entrusted with the safety of two ladies on an adventure, for two friends, Elspeth and Rose-Marie had taken a day from the heart of June, laid it on the lap of the gods and gone forth, seeking, they knew not what.

"Backward turn"—the bees hummed lazily. "Backward turn" Elspeth repeated drowsily. "Turn? Turn?" The question came from Rose-Marie at the wheel. "Turn?" Of course she was willing and the big grey car swung off the glistening trail, up the winding road, under drooping branches, on and on in the sunshine; one last swerving to the right, to the left and stopped—at the vine clad entrance to the Land Of Long Ago.

The guardian of this vale of yesterday, this precious Land of Long Ago, was roused from his reverie. With a courtly gesture, he welcomed the adventurers to his domain. The snap of the latch on the gate behind them shut out the whirr and the burr of the world they had left as definitely as if the angels had heard the plea "Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years". The panelled door stood ajar. "I did so want to use the knocker," it was hardly more than a breath, but Ralph Warner turned, "You may," he said graciously.

The tingling brass resounded through the house, then all was still. "There is no one here but me," their host announced, "Your knock brings only echoes."

"Echoes," asserted Elspeth as she stepped into the cheery hallway, "of the past, a hundred years or more."

"Oh no," Mr. Warner warned her, "not quite a hundred years. Redmen roved these prairies then. It was not until Wisconsin became a territory, Cooksville was a village, and Daniel Webster had come and gone, that this house was built."

"Daniel Webster?" Rose-Marie's eyes were big and round. Surely time had fled since the red sun shone into her ruffled window a few short hours ago and wakened her to adventure. "Did Daniel Webster live here?"

"He once owned the land but he did not live here. He had too many duties to perform for you and me back in the East. He could not stay. After he left a stately man whose descendants live over the way built my home. Then the family went away and left it until"—. The two adventurers waited. "Until what?"

"Come into my living room and I will tell you." Stepping softly on rugs that had never seen a loom, glancing swiftly into mirrors that had reflected mothers and babes and happy boys and girls, the way led into the living room—the parlor which Father Time had forgotten and left behind as heraced madly on. As the fireplace was the heart of all Colonial homes, so it is at Ralph Warner's. Broad and deep with andirons and fenders, a swinging kettle and a foot stove, nothing is forgotten so real it is, that early owner might just have stepped out. The chairs on either side of the chimney may have graced the lowly Windsor cottage when George the Second and his Queen visited it and made the simple pieces of furniture articles of priceless value forever, or they might have held the portly George Washington in their depths. Whatever their story they are genuine as are all the furnishings that go to make the home of the unusual but none the less interesting owner. By a window through which the blue birds peep in the spring, is a Liscom & Dearborn piano, its rosewood as lustrous as the day Carrie Jacobs Bond dreamed over its keys and then wrote in the guest book "In remembrance of a happy hour." She who had known poverty and care before she had known fame was content to rest a while in the House Next Door.

May L. Bauchle

"Why do you call it the House Next Door?" Elspeth wanted to know.

"A very simple reason. Miss Porterwho lives over the hedge directed some of my friends to 'The House Next Door' and the name stuck."

"Oh, here is Skeezicks," Rose-Marie interrupted. "How did he come here?"

"Naturally enough his father left him.

"His father!" The girl was incredulous.

"To be sure. One day last summer Frank King was here. After he had gone I was musing over the names in my guest book and was startled to see Skeezicks

THE WISHING WELL AND THE VINE-CLAD ENTRANCE IN THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

smiling at me. Not long afterwards Mr. King came back to make a longer stay. 'You left Skeezicks when you were here,' I told him that evening. 'No, no, that was Skeezicks' little brother,' he replied. While he was here he made the sketch of the house which you see there and also Skeezicks himself that his little brother might not be lonesome."

The clock which Eli Terry "warranted if well used" sung out the hour. "Come," their host entreated, "you must see my garden, it is a blaze of color and sunshine now. Later some of the blossoms will be gone to sleep. They get up early here, you know." The way led through the study. It was a temptation. The Franklin stove, the rush bottom chairs, the age old desk with faded prints, all demanding attention. How hard it was to go outside! Candlesticks! Dozens of them, burnished brass, gleaming silver, a Betty lamp and an air of domesticity over all. Mr. Warner came to the kitchen. Elspeth peeked behind the door.

"Where is Mrs. Ralph?" she demanded.

"All the ladies nowadays belong in the tomorrows and next days. I've never found one that fitted into my Land of Long Ago," Mr. Warner replied.

"Then why the matrimony vine over the door?" Of course it was Rose-Marie who asked, but she received no answer. Her host was down in the garden shooing a blue jay away from the pool that Mrs. Wren might take her morning dip.

"Come, see my wishing well!" Mr. Warner called. Down on their knees on the flag stones they peered into the depths of a shaded pool which reflected the spruce trees stading like sentinels at what might have been the formal entrance to the garden could such a thing have existed in the Land of Long Ago. In the arbor above the birds carrolled merrily ,the air breathed of cloves from the Scotch Pink dripping with dew. Stepping carefully over the white blanket of candy tuft they treaded their way down the path of Iris, lavender and gold, the gorgeous yellow of the Orient and the delicate blue and purples of Siberia.

"Behind that clump of lilacs," Elspeth told them, "there should be a tomb."

"A tomb! In this beautiful garden?" The very idea brought a mist to the eyes.

"Yes," Elspeth went on, "I have never seen but one such garden and that was at the Hermitage. Down in Tennessee is a wilderness of Delphinium, tall and stately columbines, orange and yellow, such as are found in their native Colorado, with hollyhocks for a background and sweet williams, not modern dandys, but the dear old grandfather kind and over in the corner, snuggled quietly away, is the tomb of the one who loved it all, Andrew Jackson."

"I would not want to be buried in a garden," declarded Rose-Marie, "Would you?" But the owner was non-committal. Perhaps he was thinking of the noisy graveyards of the cities he had seen, and he loved his garden.

Along the other path were rows and rows of peonies. The costly Therese and LaCayne jostled the delicate pink and cream of the grandmother peony which may have another name in the catalog but to Mr. Warner it is always the "grandmother" because that particular plant came from the garden of the ancestor from whom he had inherited a goodly share of his love for growing things. Someone called from the gateway; boys, it seemed, seeking a companion for an hour at the old swimming hole. While their host went to beg off the friends wandered about. Never had they seen such a riot of color. English pansies and forgetmenots, pyrethrums and teasel plants and then more iris and peonies. Finding themselves at a vine encircled open doorway they wandered into the restful coolness.

A colorful wag-on-the-wall lured them up a sagging stairway. Over the railing hung a summer and winter weave coverlid caressing in its folds the reflections from the gleaming brass good-night candlesticks on the window sill. "Do you suppose there is a whole house like this?" Rose-Marie questioned.

"I wouldn't wonder and more," was Elspeth's reply. From room to room they wandered.

"Nancy Buckley Born Feb. 1797
Wrought this at 10 years old."

The faded sampler hung at the head of a mahogany four poster, a companion to another.

"Elizabeth Catherine Harner's work
Oct. 22, 1841."

Black morning glories looked almost joyful as they peeped from under the blue flowered wash bowl. Perhaps unsteady hands had watered the bloom and kept life flowing in their tendrils. Everywhere were heirlooms stirring memories like the South wind. A rosewood melodian in one corner vied for honors with a century old bureau in another.

A pirate's chest snuggled under the window casings as if to hide its secrets, but a bit of blue and silver brocade, caught in the hasp betrayed the contents. Eagerly the friends lifted the cover; French delaines, brocade and broadcloth came tumbling out. Quilted petticoats and corded petticoats, redingotes and waistcoats—such an array. Over her dark head Rose-Marie slipped an Empress cloth wrapper, gored and buttoned, alas! the damsel of 1830 might have been more fair but she certainly had less weight than the maid of yesteryear.

"Lunch is ready," the voice of the host broke in on the revels.

"Are we to eat? I thought you only"—Rose-Marie hesitated, uncertain how to proceed.

"Only fed people when I knew they were coming? Well that is my rule but you see, I too, do not refuse the gifts of the Gods and your presence is my pleasure."

Never had such a meal more individuality and charm. Shining mahogany, gleaming pewter everywhere. Beakers, mugs, and baptismal trays stood in stately rows on shelves and sideboards. Only the purest pewter, the host told them, not a trace of gold and tin. "My best collection of pewter is in Madison for a special exhibition which the museum is making, and a few pieces I lent to Field's Museum in Chicago," he added. "This is the piece Joseph Hergesheimer wanted to buy when he came to see my Steigel glass. I could not part with a bit of it you know." He smiled quizzically and perhaps wondered if they knew what sacrifices these treasures had meant to

(Continued on page 15)

THE GENTLE GUARDIAN OF THE LAND OF LONG AGO AND HIS BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Conservation by Law or by Sportsmen?

Wisconsin's Hunting Ground Is About to Turn the Corner; Citizen's and Sportsmen Will Tell Which Way

By William L. Lowry

THE state conservation commission alone cannot prevent the waste of Wisconsin's famous hunting ground. Neither can the legislature. Both of them together cannot do it!

Fifteen years ago we had in our northern counties a practically untouched forest, lake, and stream region filled with wild life that held its own against all natural enemies. Since that time the automobile has become popular among all classes of people. Year by year greater distances have been covered by tourists in search of recreation and hunting fields, and Northern Wisconsin has become one of their playgrounds. Where our woods and streams gave recreation to thousands a few years ago, they now give recreation to over two million pleasure-seekers every year. All kinds of game were killed off so rapidly during this period by the armies of hunters that even the breeding stock was threatened with extinction.

While all this was going on we had a legislature. It passed laws for the protection of game. We had a conservation commission. It put wardens in the forests and along the streams to enforce the laws. But what could three or four dozen men do, acting individually, among thousands of hunters and fishermen scattered over 56,000 square miles of land and water?

Always pressing the legislature for appropriation of funds to cover the maintenance of more wardens, the commission has finally brought its force up to fifty with provision for special deputies to be put into the northern woods during deer season. These fifty wardens must be doled out over seventy-one counties containing 3,000 trout streams, lakes, and border waters—about the number of wardens for the entire state of Wisconsin as there are police to look after the city of Oshkosh.

"When we put a warden in a field like this he is lost," says Elmer S. Hall, commissioner of conservation. "He has to depend largely on information picked up; and then chances are slight to run down the reports. We need more wardens. With the entire force we haven't enough men today even to patrol Route 10 as it should be."

This shortage of wardens, along with the lack of protective legislation, brought the deer situation to its crisis in 1919 when W. E. Barber, then a member of the commission, estimated that 25,000 deer were killed in the hunting season. In the commission's annual report for that year Mr. Barber wrote:

"Deer are destined sooner or later to cease to be a game animal in Wisconsin. Their habitat is becoming less and less extensive. Civilization is crowding them farther and farther back in narrower quarters and hunters are increasing in numbers each year; all of which casts a gloomy horoscope for the future of those once abundant game animals in Wisconsin."

THE SMILE OF TRUE SPORTSMEN WILL VANISH WITH THE DEER

The legislature then put the "buck law" into our game statutes. By the terms of this law each licensed hunter is permitted to take only one deer in the season and that one must be a buck.

Estimates of the succeeding years indicate that the law has worked to advantage in cutting down the total of deer taken. But it is obvious that other factors also are contributing to the decreasing total from year to year. In 1921 it was estimated that 4,005 bucks were taken, and in 1922 the estimate was 2,869. The last official estimate, that of 1923, fell down to 1851. No report on deer taken in the 1924 season was called for because, according to the commission, there was a feeling among hunters as well as members of the commission that distribution, filling out, and re-mailing of cards was a nuisance not worth the trouble, since there is no element of compulsion in return of the cards, and therefore they cannot be relied up on as a true index of the game killed.

These card reports taken over a period of years, however, must be accepted as truly indicative of a downward trend in the number of bucks killed from year to year, for the percentage of returns in a number of cases should remain nearly constant. Even a rough estimate that shows a decrease from 25,000 to 1851 in five years means some-

(Continued on page 15)

JUST SAUNTERING ALONG

By Mary Royce Merriman

WE decided to motor through the northern part of our beautiful state; see the lakes and the forests, catch a bit of virgin forest, maybe, though it is scarce; take a lot of pictures; I especially wished to add to my snapshots a few picturesque old log houses before they should utterly vanish at the approach of civilization. So he said we'd just saunter along and take things easy; there was lots of time, and what was the use of hurrying? Knowing him, I confess I was a little skeptical about the sauntering, but perhaps I was mistaken; we started.

We rolled along the smooth roads for which our state is noted;—he, watching the speedometer, while I tried to catch glimpses of fleeting landscapes. Nothing ever receded so fast as those landscapes; even while looking toward them, we had passed them by.

A long way ahead I made out one of those charming old log houses I so wanted for my collection. "Stop!" I shouted. A half mile beyond he drew up by the roadside.

"Did you want something?" he asked, slightly peeved.

"Too late," I groaned.

"Well, why didn't you speak in time? I can't stop this car at a second's notice." That's true, one can't, at fifty miles an hour, and I resolved to speak sooner, next time.

Three times after that I called "stop!", for there were log houses ahead, lovely, old, tumble down ones, with brambles and vines growing about, just the kind I wanted. As many times we sped past and stopped a half mile beyond. I gave up when, merely hoping we'd break down somewhere near a log house.

Up north, the berries were ripe, and, if there is anything both of us love, it is any kind of fresh berries with the dew of the morning on them. We passed children with bright tin pails filled with fruit, while others with empty pails trudged along the road on the way to the berry patches. But we never saw a berry—only blobs of red, or blue, or black, as we whizzed by.

"Let's stop and buy some berries of these children ahead of us," I ventured, when the speedometer pointed at only forty-five.

"O, yes," he replied, when we were far beyond the berry pickers. "Well, never mind, there will be some more soon."

But the next time it was the same, and the next and the next. His eyes were strained far ahead toward the end of the road, and mine saw but a blur of blue or red or black. Still, I do maintain that we might have bought as many berries as we wished.

"There's a lake!" I cried, as a streak of blue showed between the trees.

"Where?" he demanded; but we had left it far behind and were whizzing by a passenger train, beating it by a good ten miles an hour. It couldn't have been going over forty.

"I didn't see any lake," he said; but just then we shot past another one.

"O, that!" said he.

"No, not that!" I spunked up; "not that at all!"

Out through the open fields now, where flowers bloomed on both sides of the road; at least, they must have been flowers. What else could make those gay blotches of orange, pink, and purple? I could see no flowers, but there certainly was a floral impression spread before me. Blue and yellow merged into green, so swiftly did we pass; but I knew that neither sheep nor cows nor rocks nor sand could so color the landscape—only flowers.

"What are those flowers?" I cried, as we neared a curve, and I clutched the seat madly to keep my balance. Fifty rods or so beyond he turned his head a bit and shouted:

"Can't you see that they are pumpkins?" and they were, by this time, pumpkins yellowing in a cornfield.

"What a beautiful landscape!" I exclaimed, a little later.

"You think so?" he shouted, as we swept through a village street, and were arrested for speeding.

We had to stop awhile here and enrich the village treasury. Had there been log houses, I would have had time to photograph them, but the dwellings of this small town were dun and drab, and not in the least picturesque.

Leaving the hamlet, and creeping into the highway again, we stole slowly into the country, where he began to step on the gas again, and soon we were doing fifty.

"We've got to hump ourselves," he remarked. "We've a lot of time to make up; these villages should be abolished by law."

At last there was a crack—a tire had blown out.

"The heck!" he cried, jumping out. "This'll keep us back ten minutes. Go snap a log house now; there's one."

Sure enough, there it was, by the roadside where we stopped. It was in a neat yard surrounded by a green lawn. Birdhouses swung from trees and rested on trim white poles. There was a screened in porch, and a new green roof; the trimmings were all of white, just painted; and new glittering white steps led down into the yard. The crowning glory, or insult, was a modern white garage behind it. It was a most tidy, immaculate log house, but log it was, and I snapped it; it was the best I could do. But he was so pleased about it that I couldn't disallusion him.

"There!" he said in satisfaction. "You got just what you came after, and we didn't waste any time getting it. It couldn't have happened better."

Perhaps there do exist nooks by babbling streams, and quiet places in deep forests, and lady slippers growing in woody swamps—perhaps so, I do not know. Sauntering along at fifty miles an hour you do not see them. When next I go to look for a log house, I shall hire my Uncle Jed's old white Nancy and the buckboard, if it takes all summer.

When we reached home, he glowed with enthusiasm.

"Great trip! fine country! good roads! made fifty miles all the way, and you got your log house! We'll go again sometime!"

Jest My Style

Some folks may like it livin'
  Where the sun is ninety-three,
But I like it in Wisconsin
  Where there's more variety.

I like her winds in winter,
  And I like her ice and snow,
And jest now I'm sort o' happy
  Watching trees and flowers grow.

Fer the yellow dandelion,
  Oh so boldly lifts his head,
And the purty little violet
  Thru all the woods is spread.

The trees is all a-leafin'
  Gittin' greener every day;
And in the highest branches
  Baby birds are tucked away.

But Oh, Wisconsin springtime!
  In my heart it leaves a thrill,
Jest a watching grand old nature
  In each bubbling brook and rill.

'Nen 'fore I'm tired o' watching,
  Summer comes with dust and heat,
And a plunge in old Lake Michigan
  Fer coolin' can't be beat;

Or sailin' on her crested waves,
  Or fishin' off the pier;
And then, afore we know it,
  The Autumn days are here.

Then the golden-rod we gather,
  And the grapes strip from the vine,
And we gather in the harvest
  In the glorious autumn time.

In the winter there is skatin';
  Snowball fights and lots o' fun;
And when it comes to sleigh-rides—
  Hope I never miss a one;

Or coastin' down our great big hill,
  Or playin' round on Skiis—
Oh give me good old winter
  With such glorius sports as these.

Some folks may like it livin'
  Where the sun is ninety-three,
But I like it in Wisconsin
  Where there's more variety.

Ethel Grace Birdno.

How Wisconsin Teaches Her Deaf Children

By Benita L. Spencer

AFTER marching sturdily up and down the room in response to the command "walk" from the lips of his teacher, four-year-old Franklin returned to his position in front of the instructor and waited, smiling, for the praise he knew would be forthcoming, and for the next request. The tiny lad watched her enunciate "eat" and turned happily toward the table where a bit of cracker lay. He crammed it into his mouth and once more stood in front of the patient young teacher, who this time, patted his curly head and offered the words he looked for.

"That was very good," she mouthed, and he grinned back, patting her hand with his small, sticky fingers.

Not a word had been spoken aloud, yet pupil and teacher understood each other, and the guests in the school-room who had witnessed Franklin's exhibition, marveled at the development of this child who had been in school but three months, who had never heard a sound in his life, and who, until last September, had never known the name of a single article or action.

Franklin is but one of the scores of youngsters in the Wisconsin State School for the Deaf at Delavan, totally deaf and born of deaf parents, who are learning, not only academic subjects, the famous three R's, but also vital points in manners and morals which will make them the peers of hearing citizens.

Not a reform school, an almshouse, nor a children's home, but an educational institution in the highest and best sense, this school stands prominent among its contemporaries, unsurpassed by any school for the deaf in this country, and equalled by less than half a dozen.

The Wisconsin State School for the Deaf, a small city in itself, is a part of the common school system of the State, wherein the deaf children of Wisconsin receive an education as a matter of right, not of charity.

Gardens, a hundred-acre farm, finely bred cattle, store houses of great dimensions, butchering and hanging rooms, a laundry with the most modern equipment, a shoe-repairing department, water and heating systems, a complete hospital, a splendid printing establishment, make the institution practically independent.

But, unlike policies followed by most state schools, the students are not treated like visitors, nor like unruly youngsters who must be governed by a rod of iron. Each pupil is a member of the family and is treated as such. Privileges, love, a large degree of independence, tend to make these young people self-reliant, capable of meeting the problems of adult life.

The revoking of certain privilges, such as the Saturday trip to the town of Delavan, some mile or so away from the school, constitutes practically the only punishment every given. It has been found to be much more effective than any corporal punishment could be.

A lad had been reprimanded once and it was told him that if he repeated the offense he would not be permitted to attend the basketball game to be held the following Friday night.

He repeated the offense. When told that the threat had been carried out and that, in accordance with it, he would have to stay in his room Friday night, he looked at the Superintendent a moment and left the room. A short time later he returned to the office, carrying a large stick.

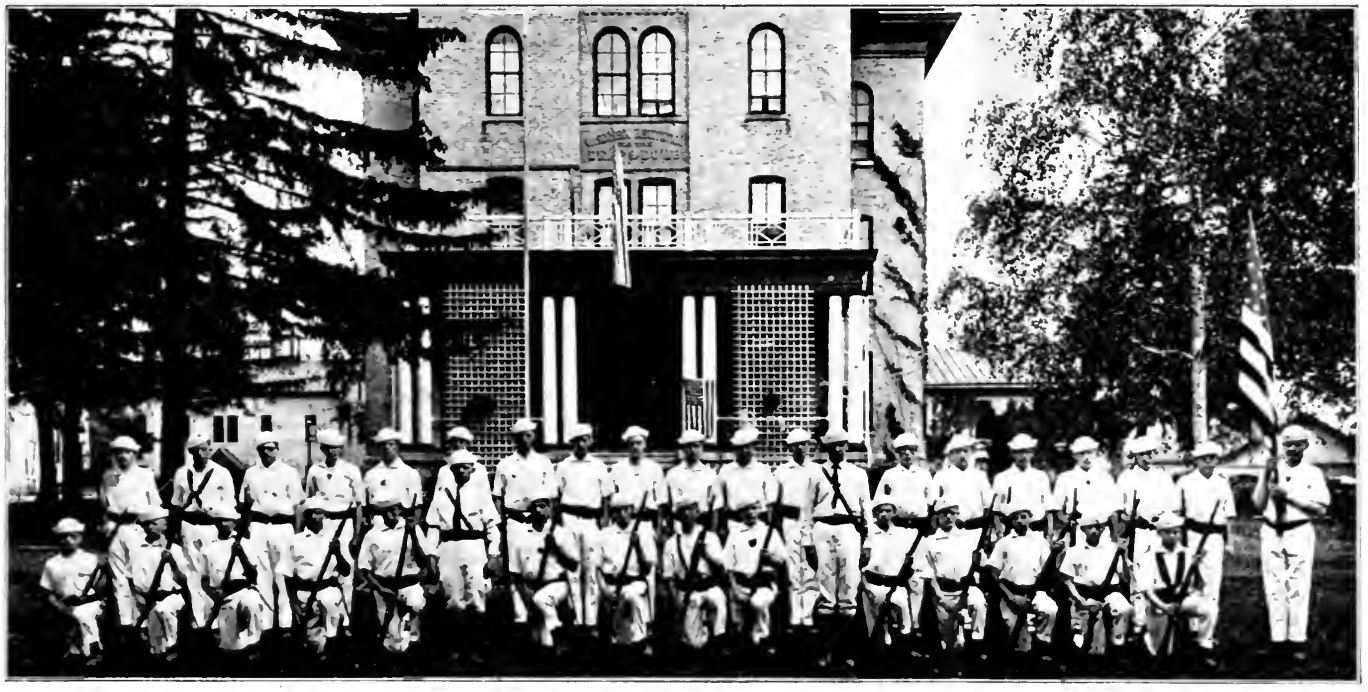
"Will you please whip me with this, and let me go to the game?"

But his pleadings for a severe beating were of no avail, and it was a tearful but unwhipped lad who finally left the office, to go to his room—and not to the game.

T. Emery Bray, the superintendent of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, is the motive power behind the theory of discipline which is used in all departments of the school. With three grown children of his own, Mr. Bray has adopted several hundred more, and is their father, not only in name, but in action and interest as well.

When he was escorting a guest through the buildings not long ago, he happened to reach one of the passageways just before the time for the signal for dinner, while the children were gathering to form in line, preparatory to marching into the dining-room.

Someone saw him. Instantly, with the deep-throated cry common to those who cannot hear their own voices, the little girl dashed toward him and with a leap, jumped into his arms. Others followed and soon he was surrounded by a chattering group—yes, they chatter just as hearing children do, although to the uninitiated it may sound incoherent—whose hands were going so fast they fairly flew, hands that strove to tell him things that small throats could not utter, fluent hands, filled with messages of love, respect, and trust, hands which were eager to tell their "father" the events of the day, a letter from home, a bruised knee, a good mark.



GOVERNOR'S GUARDS Students of the Wisconsin State School for the Deaf

GRADUATES OF THE COURSE IN PRINTING ARE HOLDING POSITIONS ON SOME OF THE BEST NEWSPAPERS AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE MIDDLE WEST. THE WORK TURNED OUT BY THE SCHOOL PRINT SHOP BEARS COMPARISON WITH MOST COMMERCIAL PRINTING.

His arms filled with the happy children, Mr. Bray strove to answer them all at once, usually talking, as he might to hearing children, their searching eyes following his lips with care, that they might not miss a word. His words were relayed to those slow at lip-reading, and to those back of him. He introduced a number of the youngsters to his guest. To one of them he said:

"What is your name?"

Instantly small arms were dropped to her sides, her face became solemn, and very slowly and carefully, the child answered:

"My name is Alice."

"How old are you?"

"I am nine years old."

"Are you happy?"

An expression which cannot be described flashed across her face, as she looked at the guest and responded, cautiously, as though fearful that the stranger would miss a single syllable,

"I am very happy."

Mr. Bray smiled at the girl, and she immediately slipped into the circle of his arm, and stood there gazing first at him, and then at the guest, proud, radiant, untouched by any timidity which might be expected from one whom the world terms deficient.

Then a monitor appeared and the girls formed their line, accurately and quickly. First a big girl, then a small one, the older to act as mother to the younger, to teach her table manners, to reprove her if she made a mistake, to bring her up "in the way she should go".

After the girls came the boys, arranged in the same manner, an older chap to care for a small one. At each table in the dining-room are seated four of the older boys, four older girls, and four of the smaller children of each sex. A big girl sits at one end of the table, and a big boy at the other.

When all were standing behind their chairs, the signal was given to be seated. It was delightful to see how each "mother" and "father" made sure that his particular charge was seated properly.

Then the boys' monitor, John Moore, "signed" the blessing. The proverbial pin could have been heard very clearly. Not a child moved, they scarcely seemed to breathe. It was over. Noise descended upon the room, but it was an orderly, well-trained noise. And not a voice was heard anywhere. But hands, sometimes with a piece of bread and butter or bit of celery in them, which one would think would distort the meaning of the sign, were busily talking. Events of the day were reviewed, little shavers were cautioned about taking too big bites, or not saying "thank you" after something had been passed to them, older students spoke of the game to be played that evening in the gymnasium. Interest, harmony, prevailed.

Extraordinary discipline is present in all departments, at all times. And with it, the students do not act as though they were repressed.

In the play hours just before supper-time, freedom is practically unlimited. The little girls, in their dormitory, supervised by an older student, cut out paper dolls, read, draw, play games, in fact, do just exactly the same things that any youngsters their age, anywhere in the world, do. But, after supper, any mess which they may have made, books and dolls left lying about, clippings scattered on the floor, must all be packed up and put away. This is true, too, of the smaller boys in their dormitory.

The older girls visit each other in their rooms, sew, write, read, and greet guests which may be escorted to their rooms by faculty members with much more poise than most girls in ordinary boarding schools would show. They seem eager to talk with outsiders, and appreciate it if the guest can "sign" at all. If not, they watch his lips with care, lest they miss a word.

THE DRAMA HAS A POPULAR PLACE IN THE PROGRAM

THE PAGEANT IS A FAVORITE RECREATION

With their unreliable voices, usually deep and rather husky, but sometimes breaking almost into falsetto, they answer questions and ask them. Most of the juniors and seniors in the high school look forward to college, preferably Gallaudet College, a university for the deaf at Washington, D. C.

The ability of the deaf students, even the very small ones, to write legibly, in many cases beautifully, is quite noticeable in all the class rooms.

As far as types of instruction are concerned, about 82% of the students are taught by the oral method, the remaining 18% studying the manual way. If it is possible for a child to read lips at all, however, he is taught only by the oral method, and signing is forbidden in practically all the class rooms. It amounts to the same as whispering in classes of hearing children.

The entire psychology of the deaf child is so different from that of the hearing child that the instructional staff must be particularly adept at adjusting itself and its views to this condition. From the time a hearing child is born he learns to associate certain sounds with certain articles, and by the time he walks he can go to a door, to a chair, to a window, with unerring accuracy. This is not true with a deaf child. He knows none of these articles by name, for his parents point to them.

Children learn much through the five senses, in fact all their basic knowledge comes through these sources, and with one avenue entirely closed to deaf children, the other four must be developed to a greater degree.

Deaf children have a great fear of the dark. Most children share this, because it is filled with the unknown, but to a child who is deaf, the dark is replete with unmentionable horrors. If he wants something he must have a light in order to make his desires known. Consequently, at the Wisconsin School, when lights are turned out in the dormitories, absolute silence reigns, and no conversation of any kind can be carried on. "Signing" stops, and so, communication.

The buildings are immaculate in their whiteness and are light and airy. Great care is taken to teach the children hygienic principles and so excellent examples are set before them at all times.

The kitchens are models of order and convenience, with great steam cookers, dishwashing machines, huge tables, hundreds of pots and pans hanging in shining rows.

The servants have their own quarters,

(Continued on page 18)

IF YOU WANT TO SEE HAPPINESS AND CHEERFULNESS, YOU WILL FIND IT HERE IN ABUNDANCE

Evolution or Politics?

For many years sociologists, social workers, criminologists, and others engaged in studying and caring for defectives and degenerates, have advocated the limited and strictly supervised use of sterilization.

We had gotten so far in Wisconsin as to have the Legislature pass a bill providing for sterilization, with very careful restrictions, of certain classes of the unfit.

Blaine vetoed it on the ground that it would work injustice against the poor, who are committed to state institutions, as against the wealthy, who would escape these institutions.

This is plain political bunk, a grandstand appeal to class prejudice, just another repetition of the political trick of using any and every means of identifying oneself as "the friend of the people."

The real friend of the people, and we think "people" should mean the entire human race, is the man who helps to advance mankind physically and mentally. This can be done by education, and by some measures of elimination.

According to the Blaine theory, apparently we are to go on inviting the degenerate and vicious to breed their kind, and let the state continue to spend money on their care and support as well as exposing the rest of society to contamination.

It is a shame that maudlin sentimentality and political expediency should continue to block the efforts of society to protect itself from the expense and menace of degenerates.

The fact is that we are giving more attention and encouragement to the "scrub stock" of humanity than we are to the development of thoroughbreds. And one reason for this is that we have delegated to the politician the responsibility deciding how fast and in what direction we are to travel.

—O—

Esperanto

To thwart a foolish people who thought they could scale the walls of Heaven by means of a great tower, a plague was sent upon them, a confusion of tongues, so that they could not understand one another. Thus the Bible accounts for the great variety of languages in our little world.

The Tower of Babel was simple as an explanation, but the confusion of tongues, however it came about, has been complex in its results. Time and again it has stood as a barrier against harmony and understanding. It has caused us to look upon one who speaks another language as a foreigner. It has been an obstacle to fairness in the diplomatic relationships of nations, and has been the instrument of diplomats who wished to take unfair advantages. Say what we may, the diplomat who tries to negotiate in a language with which he has only academic acquaintance is handicapped from the start.

The business man who must carry on foreign correspondence, the professional man who wishes to discuss his problems with foreign colleagues, the traveller in other countries, these know the obstacles set up by differences in language.

It is for this reason that a new language was invented some years ago; not to replace those already in existence, but to act as an auxiliary, as a common vehicle of communication. The idea has grown by leaps and bounds, and today this common language, Esperanto, is being used all over the World. Travellers returning from abroad say that it is coming more and more into use. In some European countries, especially Germany, the schools are teaching it. The International Radio Amateurs' Association has adopted it and is broadcasting Esperanto lectures. The League of Nations has signified its approval of this auxiliary language and recommended it to the member nations. Many firms and individuals carry on their correspondence through this medium, and Esperanto conventions are taking place in all parts of the World. A prominent American recently attended a convention in Denmark at which twenty-eight nationalities were represented, and Esperanto was the order of the day.

What do you know about this international language? We would be glad to get communications from our readers on this subject, as the possibilities seem to us very far reaching and important.

What About Wisconsin Forests?

A great deal has been said about reforestation and forest fire prevention; little has been done. The time has come when we must convert thought into action. Even those who hear about these things in a casual way have caught the idea that a great public wrong is being perpetrated by the postponement of action and those who are really familiar with the situation are genuinely alarmed. We have carried matters to the point in Wisconsin where a constitutional amendment has been accepted by the people, enabling the state to undertake the preservation and protection of forest lands in the state. With this sanction should come quick and decisive action.

However, it is easier to decide that "something should be done about it" than to decide what "something" should be done. Now, there is plenty of authority in this state on the subject of forests, and there is plenty of opinion. Some of the authorities differ in their opinions, and some of those who have opinions have no authority.

The logical step, then, seems to be to bring together all factions, all authorities, all opinions, and through unrestricted, free-for-all discussion, arrive at some course of action that shall have general approval. We may never hope to satisfy everybody. It is enough if a hundred years from now our successors can say, "They planned honestly and executed nobly."

Let's get at this problem and get something done, whatever that "something" may be.

—O—

OUR NAUTICAL COURT JESTER ANNOUNCES A DEEP, DARK PLOT

THE editor of The Wisconsin Magazine is a brave man. I don't think he realizes yet how brave he is. You will agree with me that he has courage when I inform you that he has invited me to conduct a new department in the Magazine, but you may not appreciate the utter recklessness of his courage until you understand that I am to be permitted to play with that most dangerous of toys—humor. I may as well confess I have amused myself with such a toy before. Usually there was havoc in the nursery in consequence; windows were smashed and heads broken, or at least made rather sore, and in the end stern measures of suppression had to be taken.

However, as I said, your editor is a man of great *hardihood*. So, until fond readers begin threatening us and sending boxes of poisoned candy, I'll try to entertain you once a month. My department will take the form of a column of humor and critical comment. Contributions from the readers are earnestly solicited. I should warn you, though, that this is going to be a very high-class column, and none but the cleverest quips will be printed. For that reason I assume with becoming modesty I'll have to write most of them myself.

Look for me, then, on the good ship, "*Wisconsin*" in October. I'll be right on "*The Bridge*" with my dripping cutlass in hand.

CAP'N BELLS

—O—

Blue and White

White sails skim over the blue lake.
Under the blue sky where white clouds are flying.
White sails skim over the blue lake
On sharp shod feet of steel.
Skaters, black pencilings against the blue,
Dart and glide between the white sails.

—Mary Katharine Reely.

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By ALL means, when you are in Milwaukee see the wonderful model rooms at Fischer's. They are one of the sights of the town. Tell 'em we sent you. —*THE EDITOR*

Wisconsin Song Writer Composer of "The Sweet By and By"

By M. Garstman

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

IT was time to close the drug store in the village of Elkhorn fifty years ago. The lamp that illuminated the big red glass globe in the window was still burning, but the shade on the door had been drawn for the night.

S. Fillmore Bennett was scrutinizing through his spectacles the worn label on a bottle which he had just pulled down from the dusty shelf. He did not notice his friend, Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, walk in and pause near the stove. Without setting down his violin case or his music folio, this tall, broad-shouldered man just stood there, staring at the dying coals which glowed through the glass door.

"Hello, Joe," sad Mr. Bennett, looking up. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, it will be all right by and by," his friend answered.

Silence for a minute—then Mr. Bennett mused, "In the sweet by and by—Why wouldn't that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently.

Mr. Bennett turned to his desk and composed the verses as fast as he could write. In the meantime, two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had sauntered in. Mr. Bennett handed the slip of paper to Mr. Webster, whose eyes kindled as he read it. His whole demeanor changed, and, picking up the pencil, he began drawing a score immediately.

In a few minutes, he asked Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation that beautiful melody—"The Sweet By and By."

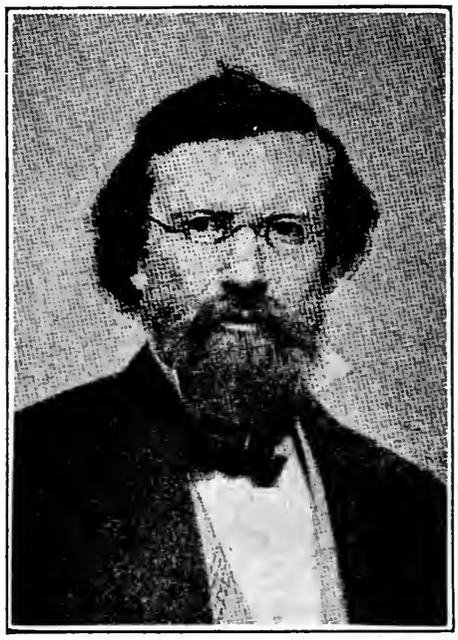
"Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal!" Mr. Carswell prophesied.

The four men crowded around the music and sang the hymn, just as since that time it has been sung all over the United States and England.

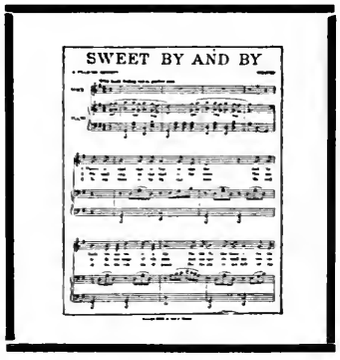
The popularity of the hymn brought a royalty of $56,000, though it was fifty years before it was paid—long after the death of both Mr. Webster and his wife. Just three years ago, after a long sieged law suit against a Boston publishing company, this fortune was presented to the sons.

Their father, however, was just a poor song writer, loving music as much as his friends loved him. Playing in concerts, writing songs, teaching music, he had wandered to Elkhorn from his boyhood home in the Merrimack valley of Connecticut.

The flute, fife, and drum marked the beginning of Joseph Webster's musical career at an early age. How he got hold of the instruments, or how he learned to play them is a mystery, for he moved with little freedom under the shadow of his strict New England home. He had to contribute to the earning power of a fatherless family of twelve; but when he could find a violin to fiddle with, his cares became lost in delight.



JOSEPH P. WEBSTER



THE MODEST LITTLE HOME IN ELKHORN, WHERE JOSEPH P. WEBSTER LIVED

Paying for it out of the accumulation of his six pence a day wage, he took a short course in singing when he was fifteen. This qualified him as a rudimental teacher. A three years' study in Boston under well-known masters, a concert season in New York, a musical tour through New England with his troupe of "Euphonians", all followed in quick succession and seemed to promise a successful career. Then his health broke, and he had to go south.

Now he found time to write down those airy melodies that had been wandering through his brain. For five years he lived in a little town on the Ohio river, where he learned to hate slavery. In his songs he poured out his feelings against it, and he did all he could to help negro slaves across the border. Discovering this, his slave holding neighbors forced him to move north, where he settled first in Racine and then in Elkhorn, Wisconsin. During the eighteen remaining years of his life, which he spent here, he composed the best of his songs.

His ballads, "The Golden Star", "Drifting Into Harbor", and "When I Lie Dreaming", were becoming popular, and he was already recognized as a composer of merit when the Civil war broke out. The music master was disqualified for the fighting line, but he served as drill master in Elkhorn. He saw enough to catch the stirring spirit of those days, and his war songs are real. Strange that the best of them, "Lorena", was most popular in the South. Gathered around their campfires at night, the Confederate soldiers always hummed:

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena—

Popular in their time, these war ballads were but passing pictures. In 1868, but a few years before his death, Joseph Webster wrote the one song that has lived—"The Sweet By and By."

THE PLAYGROUND

The road is smooth and the sky is clear
Except for a wisp of cloud
Whose shadow frolics the way we steer
With the waving gold of the fields we near
And lose in the forest's shroud!

Stubble and snags and a boulder mound,
A clearing among the stumps,
A brush-hung brook where the trout are found,
A shimmering lake where the only sound
Is a splash as a muskie jumps!

The clouds roll over the hills our way
With thunder and storm in train,
The gravel ends and we splash away
Through the mud and ruts at the close of day
With a blowout in the rain!

The lights of a village pierce the dark
And rifts in the clouds appear,
A boyish shout and a friendly bark
From a dampened camp in a tourist park
And the pungent campfire cheer!

The cots are as feathers and slumber deep
As we breathe the fragrant air,
The hills and curves slip by us in sleep
'Till the sunrise song of the birds shall steep
Our souls in rapture rare.

Wisconsin welcomes you to her arms,
To the mounds of ancient lores,
To the rolling roads and the woodland charms
By the rivers and lakes and the fertile farms
To the joy of the out-of-doors.

—Sam Bryan.

PAPER WHITE

From a pot of bulbs, burgeoning,
A white narcissus prayer has shot upward.
After it follow five other prayers,
All broodingly cherished
In the hearts of five earth-brown bulbs.

—Mary Katharine Reely.

The Land of Long Ago

(Continued from page 6)

him in the past. There had been a time when he had to choose between a piece of pewter and a bit of bread. But that day had gone by. His paying guests have seen to that. Only occasionally do adventurers like Elspeth and Rose-Marie find a welcome at his table.

"Chives and Tarragon," Elspeth nodded. "Did all the salad grow in your garden?"

"Did you see any chickens anywhere?" he questioned in return.

"Chickens and cats are all right in their places but they do not fit in my garden. My neighbors keep them, however, and sometimes I call over the fence when I need a salad." The meal came to an end. Only the host knew the makeup of the menu.

"I think we had honey and roseleaf jam and geranium wine," said Elspeth afterwards.

"And salad," added Rose-Marie. A flying visit to the garden with the golden rays which missed the church spire drifting down across the glory of the iris and the columbine, a hurried farewell, and the swinging gate clicked upon the Land of Long Ago.

The motor purred, the friends sat silent, darkness was creeping on as the lights of the city came in view.

"Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on Memory's wall," murmered Elspeth.

"The one of Ralph Warner's garden seemeth the best of all," finished Rose-Marie.

Conservation by Law or by Sportsmen

(Continued from page 7)

thing. Comparing the killing reports with the increasing number of hunting licenses issued during the same years, it is clear that the bucks are being sought after, but just cannot be found.

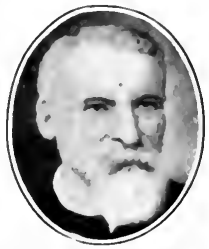
There is a lot of unlawful killing for market, and it is known to the commission. But the commission is powerless to stop the crooked work at once.

"Killing deer for the market," says Commissoner Hall, "is the worst thing we have to contend with. We are pretty sure to know who some of the men are, and we lay for them. But they are hard to get. They do most of their work after dark, using flashlights and lanterns to 'shine' the deer. As soon as they see a pair of eyes they blaze away, having no regard for the sex or age of the animal. Loading their kill into a car, with which they always work, they haul it away. The warden is powerless to stop them, for stopping a car in those woods at night is about as good as suicide.

"The danger comes from two sources," he explained. "First, if the warden attempts to stop a tourist's or a farmer s car, believing it to be driven by a shine-

(Continued on page 19)

Leonard J. Farwell


James Rood Doolittle

Matthew H. Carpenter

MATTHEW HALE CARPENTER, adopted son of Wisconsin, was one of the great men of the nation fifty years ago. He was elected United States Senator from Wisconsin in 1869, defeated in 1875 and re-elected in 1879.

JAMES ROOD DOOLITTLE, another adopted son of the Badger State, represented Wisconsin in the United States Senate during the stirring days of the Civil War.

LEONARD J. FARWELL, pioneer, served Wisconsin as one of its first Governors, having been elected in 1851.

EDWARD McKEY, a native of Ireland, was one of the early merchant princes of the Badger State, introducing the now modern "chain of stores" idea.

PETER MYERS, born near Paris, France, was one of Wisconsin's early and most famous hotel and theater managers.

JOHN HAWKINS ROUNTREE, a Kentuckian, was first postmaster of Platteville; Captain in the Black Hawk War; Judge of the Probate Court of Grant County, and Major General in the State Militia.

LUKE STOUGHTON, a Vermonter, left his impress on Wisconsin as staunch citizen, after whom Stoughton, Wisconsin, was named.

JOSIAH FLINT WILLARD came from New York originally, but attained to national fame as the father of the eminent Frances Willard.

These men, and 28 others of like standing, were the original incorporators of *The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company*, now one of the largest and most prominent life insuring institutions in the world.

Founded by men whose ability, judgment, foresight, power and strength laid the foundation for Wisconsin's greatness, it is natural that the Northwestern should have attained to its present state of excellence.

The Northwestern was incorporated to "insure lives" and that is just exactly what it has been doing steadfastly for nearly 70 years, keeping abreast with the needs and requirements of the times.

Today Northwestern personal insurance provides cash to pay taxes, bills, expenses, mortgages, and the cost of family readjustments; it furnishes funds for the education of children, monthly checks for living expenses and money for the needs of old age.

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The companies whose preferred shares we sell direct to Wisconsin investors, with the State's approval, financing each year's growth, are of this kind. We serve in this way the North American Company's group of Wisconsin utilities, all closely affiliated under the same conservative and successful common stock ownership and management. This group includes The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co., Wisconsin's largest utility; Wisconsin Gas & Electric Co., second largest utility unit in Wisconsin and one of the best utility properties in the United States; Wisconsin Electric Power Co., owner of the most efficient large steam-electric power plant in the world; Milwaukee Northern Railway Co., the north lake shore fast electric passenger and express line linking Milwaukee with Cedarburg, Port Washington and Sheboygan; Wisconsin Traction, Light, Heat & Power Co., serving the Fox river valley; Badger Public Service Co., with headquarters at Plymouth, and Peninsular Power Co., operating water and steam electric power plants in northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan.

We are now selling two new issues of cumulative preferred shares — $1,000,000 of Wisconsin Electric Power Co. 6½% shares, and $500,000 of Wisconsin Gas & Electric Co. 7% shares. Wisconsin Electric Power Co. preferred dividend checks are mailed Jan. 1, April 1, July 1 and Oct. 1, each year; Wisconsin Gas & Electric Co. preferred dividend checks are mailed Jan. 15, April 15, July 15 and Oct. 15, each year.

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"Sincerely yours,
(Signed) "John Callahan
"STATE SUPT. OF SCHOOLS."

—

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(Signed) "E. G. Doudna,
"SECRETARY WISCONSIN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION."

—

"To the Public:

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The Wisconsin Magazine

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ROCK LANDMARKS OF PIONEER DAYS

By Vernetta Bartle

AGED residents have almost ceased to tell their tales, and changes all too numerous to mention have transformed a pioneer village into a modern city which appears "quite different" to the homecomers. But nestled in among the scenery of the "North Hill" at Dodgeville, stand two familiar landmarks—Main Street's old rock school and the stone church on North Street. Each gives a feeling of warmth to the heart of every "old-timer" who is thus reminded of his youth.

Sixty years ago in the old Rock School, shy maidens cramped their pudgy hands to copy the words of their master, M. T. Curry. Simultaneously, mischievous lads whittled their desks and played tricks on their master while pretending to write their "numbers".

Their master was indeed a penman. In 1867 he established a free writing school for all those who had time off in the evening to attend. In the village papers of the same year he was hailed as "a good writer, and pretty well established".

Today the whittled desks are gone. The outside door stairway can no longer be seen, and even the building stones are covered with a pale blue coat of paint. A residence? Yes, indeed. Its upstair auditorium is now transformed into comfortable sleeping apartments, and its lower classrooms now serve quite well as living rooms.

A few blocks away is another landmark of even earlier days—the old Rock Church of 1842. In its cornerstone is still treasured the scroll, the curious stones, and the metal coins of pioneer days. In its blocks of weathered stone, its low-pitched roof of shingles, and its quaint doorway still lie the charm of a primitive simplicity.

Its low-ceiled interior is equally as interesting, although much of the original arrangement has been changed. Before the building became a residence, the floor was raised about two feet at the north end to form the rostrum and the choir loft.

Log cabins were the early neighbors of the old Rock Church. The village had a mining population at that time of less than three hundred people. Frame buildings were a luxury, and rock structures were not plentiful.

It was a struggle, to say the least, for fifteen pioneer families to raise enough money to finance the building of the Church. The miners were migratory, and it often happened that the most interested ones found it necessary to move to "better diggings" for economic reasons. Their cabins were often filled by those who took very little interest in the plan for a church. Other villagers became interested in the gold fields of California, and in 1850 about twenty of them rode off for the West in camper's wagons.

In spite of the struggles of the early settlers, the Church was able to thrive under the leadership of the Reverend Thomas Whitford who preached there for several years. After twenty years of service, the old Rock Church was considered too small for the Methodist congregation. In 1862 it became a residence, which title it has kept ever since.

Days of real civic service have passed for the old Rock School and Church. They seem content to spend their last days among the modern scenery and to shelter a few resident folk in their "old-fashioned" way. They are the surviving traces of a former Dodgeville—a place where religion and education obtained an early footing, but also a place once known as "the livliest town in Southwestern Wisconsin."

How Wisconsin Teaches Her Deaf Children

(Continued from page 11)

desirably furnished, with their private dining room and sitting rooms.

A portion of the faculty lives at the school and the upstairs rooms of the main building have been attractively decorated and furnished for them, with a pretty sitting room, and even a radio. In the downstairs reception rooms they are always at liberty to entertain guests.

Care is taken not to give any denominational religious training, but a few moments of chapel each day aim to give the students those basic facts concerning the Deity and the universe which everyone must have. Outside speakers are produced at frequent intervals, and Superintendent Bray or a member of the faculty addresses the assembly at other times. When music is on the program, the words of the songs are "signed" to the students by someone other than the musician.

Every precaution is taken for the health of the children, but if someone does become ill, he is immediately placed under the care of an efficient nurse, in a finely equipped hospital. Doctors and dentists regularly examine the students.

While care is taken to make the academic side of a student's life important, it is probable that a majority of the children prefer the hours spent in vocational training, whether it be learning the proper feed for a Holstein cow, or how to set a dinner table in the correct style.

Boys have the opportunity to learn various trades, including farming, printing, shoe-making, carpentry, and butchering, while the girls are taught all the branches of domestic art, from the correct way to make a bed, to the best recipe for mutton stew. They also learn how to use electric washing machines, mangles and collar-ironers.

A model flat in the home economics department with a well furnished kitchen and pretty dining-room, gives the girls practical experience in cooking and serving meals.

The printing shop has the very latest styles in linotypes and several graduates from that department have had positions awaiting them as soon as they finished school. One girl, who graduated last year, now has charge of several linotype machines in a newspaper office in an eastern city.

It is amazing to an outsider to see the deaf boys play in athletic games. Of course they are unable to hear the whistles or guns signaling the close of quarters, the start of plays, etc., but it is seldom that they are more than one play ahead of their hearing opponents.

It is said that, in basketball, they watch the muscles in their adversaries' legs, and when they relax, the deaf boys relax, too, realizing that the whistle has been blown. In a recent game with a strong high school team, the deaf boys not only won, but played a fast, accurate game, keenly alive to their opportunities, and not bothered by anything outside the game.

Spectators at a game get just as excited as their hearing rivals. They clap, sign furiously, stamp their feet, and make nearly as much noise as do students in an ordinary institution. After one game this season, the boys on the State School team got together afterward and gave their opponents a yell, a rather unusual proceeding for them, and one which brought tears to the eyes of those who could listen.

True sportsmanship is drilled into the lads, and their coach, F. J. Neesam, himself a deaf man, directs not only their physical activities, but their mental processes on the field, as well.

Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Galaudet's Birthday, Christmas, New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday, Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, and May Day are suitably celebrated by programs or parties at the institution.

Plays and dramas, from "The Merchant of Venice" to "The Sleeping Beauty", are produced, with the students doing all the work, from making the costumes and scenery, to the acting.

Dancing is a favorite recreation and a dance is a long-heralded, long-remembered event. Without hearing the music, yet seeming to sense it in some miraculous way, the deaf students guide their partners in the simpler steps, loving it, and trying hard to dance well.

E. W. Walker, a former superintendent of the institution said that "the problem of dealing with a deaf child is not mainly one of medication but of education" and it seems to be with this theory in mind that the development and training of the several hundred students at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf is carried on.

Conservation by Law or by Sportsmen

Continued from page 15)

hunter, he may be taken for a hold-up man and shot. Then, if he tries to stop the right car, his chances of being shot are even greater.

"If we want to fight those fellows successfully, we'll have to go after them in bands," he concluded.

The buck law, too, is being held responsible by many sportsmen for illegal killing of deer, does and fawns in this case. This they hold is involuntary, and largely due to the difficulty of distinguishing sex and size of the animals darting through the brush. Occasionally we find a sportsman upholding the law. A justice of the Supreme Court thinks "most of the talk about does and fawns left in the woods is mythical."

But the deer is not the only anxiety of the Wisconsin sportsman. His lakes and streams are being "fished to death". as William Schrader, of Hawthorne, puts it.

"All our lakes," says Mr. Schrader, "in the summer are surrounded with thousands of tourists, and most of them are there to fish. With his car, each fisherman can cover a score of lakes in a day if he is so disposed."

Non-resident summer tourists fishing our lakes and streams every year number close to 50,000, licensed. Add to these 100,000 resident anglers and it is not surprising that our streams and lakes are being nearly fished out in spite of the large annual distribution of fish by the fisheries division of the conservation commission.

"The expert goes out with his little fly and whips the streams from morning to night," says Henry Johnson, former state treasurer, "and then expects the conservation commission to furnish good fishing. But it is not in the cards; it cannot be done."

In support of his belief that many fish are being taken from our streams by non-residents, regardless of size and quantity, Mr. Johnson tells this incident:

"Last summer I met a man at Menomonee Falls and learned that he was from Chicago. 'How long have you camped here?' I asked. "Three weeks,' he replied.

"When I asked if he caught many fish," he answered, 'Sure. I caught ninety big Blue Gills over at the Bay yesterday.'

"I sized the man up and found him to be about my size, then said: 'You are a damn game hog and ought to be shipped back to Chicago.' "

All together, bits of discussion heard here and there evidence the fact that a real game shortage is threatened, and that extinction is feared for some varieties.

This condition simply means that Wisconsin's hunting ground has reached the crisis and is waiting to turn the corner.

Just as in the nation's financial history we have the business cycles, so in Wisconsin's wild-life history we have a cycle. In this case, however, we should experience only one cycle. There must be no recurrence. We have gone through the period of game plenty to the period of game scarcity.

And we are not peculiar in this respect. Every state in the union that has not yet experienced these conditions will, unless it heeds the lessons of other states, meet the same problem some day. Human nature is such that people give little or no thought to the future as long as the present is well supplied by nature. The terrible devastation of our forests gives the best evidence of that, and total extinction of some species of game already has resulted from the nation's failure to recognize the dangers and apply the remedies in time.

"Twenty years ago a live deer in the Keystone State was a curiosity. All game was gone. Today no state can boast more game." This is Pennsylvania's accomplishment in conservation as told by Seth E. Gordon in *Field and Stream*. In twenty years that state has gone from a "shot-out" condition to one of game plenty that is firmly established.

Florida is just waking up to the fact that only immediate action will preserve even the breeding stock of wild turkeys in some parts of the state. Missouri is engaged in the struggle to bring the people to realize the danger faced by their fish supply. Frank H. Wielandy, game commissioner of Missouri, is quoted by A. V. Kenton in the *Sportsman's Digest* as follows:

"If I can only get Missourians to see the necessity of repopulating our streams. . . . A closed fishing season and a strict adherence to the law will give everyone a chance to enjoy some real sport and catch all the fish he needs.'

A report in *Outdoor Life* says, "Once the greatest deer state in the union, Colorado has returned to the position of a third-rate state when it comes to deer hunting." The article then describes the plans that are being put into operation to halt the slaughter of the state's deer.

Obviously, then, Wisconsin is only one of several states in various stages of the game cycle. "Let's have a law for this. We need a law for that." And so the cry goes.

But we have already seen how laws and commissions cannot alone keep our game resources from destruction. There is no other agency of government upon which we can call for aid—except all citizens of Wisconsin.

The average citizen-hunter considers his part done when he has cast his vote and sent representatives to the state-house to make laws and create commissions; to put game wardens out to enforce the laws. It does not occur to him that the state is a business institution, and that its officials and legislators must run it on a business basis; that these directors of our public purse cannot at will create troops of game wardens to stop game law violators. While he holds a "better law enforcement" banner in one hand and a "lower taxes" banner in the other he walks right past game law violators in the field, saying, "I am helping to pay a game warden for such work; let him get that bird."

It is up to every citizen and sportsman to co-operate in every way possible with the conservation commission and to aid in its work. Where there may be deficiencies in the statutes, a strict observance and enforcement of them as they are will do much to aid our conservation program.

One party interviewed for this article feels that sportsmen cannot be expected to co-operate so far as to report law violations because "no man likes being a tatler".

And this is just the attitude that will

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have to be overcome. If this man knew of regular raids being made on his garden patch he would probably not hesitate to report the matter at once to authorities. To him, that constitutes an infringement on his property rights. But, if he is a taxpayer in the state, does he not have the same property right in the state's forest and streams? And is it any less honorable for him to report depredations on his interest in state property in order to protect himself there?

This co-operation is merely a matter of recognizing one's rights and acting in self defense. The conservation officer who earnestly tries to cover his field and catch all violators has a big job. He can no more accompany every hunter and fisherman in his territory than the commission can send out a warden to keep an eye on each one. He must have help, and that can come to him only through the co-operation of sportsmen. Instead of being the hunter's enemy, as the warden was looked upon in the past, he is today the hunter's best friend. He isn't out to see how many arrests he can make, but to make the arrests necessary to proper enforcement of the law. He realizes that game laws are not made to restrict hunters, but to perpetuate the game supply for another day's hunt and for the next generation.

The Wisconsin Conservationist, in one of its last issues before going out of publication, asked this question of sportsmen:

"Have you done anything personally to assist officers in charge of conservation in enforcing the game, fish, and forestry laws of your state and nation, especially when proof of violations occurred within your sight or came to your knowledge?"

Standing between the game warden and the hunter, the guide is in better position than either to observe and report violations of the game laws. His responsibility is great, for every member of his party is likely to share his attitude toward the game laws and forest fire menace. The position of the guide, as well as that of game warden, is as honorable as it is responsible, and the type of citizen so engaged must be kept high. Every guide should be issued a license only after a careful examination as to knowledge of the law and attitude toward conservation.

The supreme court justice quoted above suggests that "guides should have the same official responsibility and power as full-time game wardens." A Racine sportsman, Harold Smith, offers this:

"Place full responsibility with the guides, who, failing to caution hunters and fishermen, and permitting them to break the law, would have their licenses taken away." A conservation enthusiast of Evansville would "make them deputy game wardens, and license them only after an examination by someone other than a man with votes to get."

There is general agreement that guides should function as deputy game

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wardens, at least. While Wisconsin's statute provides for the employment of guides as deputy game wardens for certain periods, it does not bind them to report, nor does it empower them to take action at all times while employed on violations of the laws.

In an article appearing in the bulletin of the New York State Fish, Game, and Forest League, Williston Manley described the duties of a guide under the laws of New York in part as follows:

"A licensed guide who fails to conform to or to enforce the game laws can be fined $100 or imprisoned six months, or he can be both fined and imprisoned. A man who guides without a license is open to the same penalties.

"Licensed guides are clothed with all the authority of game wardens, save that they may not enter and search the home or buildings. They may search the pack baskets and fish creels and camps. They may make arrests, with or without warrants, for violations of the conservation law.

"Under the new law, no longer can a guide carry a gun while employed by any party. It matters not if the party stays in camp and he gets out into the forest; he cannot carry a gun without exposing himself to the law's penalty. He may lead his man to the game or drive the game to his man, but if the employer cannot do his own shooting, he must go without camp meat and depart from the forest empty-handed, if he is mindful of the law."

While conservation is a practical question—a business problem involving an income to the state amounting annually to about $200,000,000—it is accompanied by an esthetic side which demands the interest of every citizen, whether he fishes, or hunts, or just goes out for a ride. And right here is another difficulty. Conservation officials and sportsmen can be easily reached by our conservation plea, but the average non-hunting citizen will not yet recognize his interest in the subject, and is therefore hard to reach. We must get to him somehow.

What legislation can not do, education will do. Only through it can we secure the most effective conservation.

The average hunter of today is jealous of law violations, in the opinion of Commissioner Hall, but he hasn't yet grasped the idea of working with the wardens. "Of course there are some old-time hunters who are accustomed to disregarding the law," he says, "and we cannot hope to touch them. But through education, we can get hold of the young people—the sportsmen of the future."

Any publication issued by the conservation commission is bound to be a good medium for education of the public along conservation lines in so far as it may be circulated among the general reading public. But the limitation of circulation is the drawback here. That is what caused *The Wisconsin Conservationist* to discontinue.

Perhaps no publication with statewide circulation at present offers a better medium for a conservation educa-

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tional program than *The Wisconsin Magazine.* Its columns should, and undoubtedly will be always open to good contributions from the conservation commission and others interested in Wisconsin's future.

Without exception, sportsmen agree that education of the public is necessary and should be launched at once. The state of Pennsylvania has given up the old hit-and-miss education plan and is adding a special educational staff to the office of the game commission. Now that the commission has brought back the game supply, it will enlist the whole population of the state in a program for holding the advantage gained in years of hard fighting.

One Wisconsin sportsman believes "there should be some speakers in the field talking at clubs, schools, and elsewhere all the time." While this would be desirable, it is a pretty big program for the present, and the printed word will have to supply the deficiency.

A wide-open field for educational work is the public school system. Here we can get hold of all the future sportsmen and, at the very least, get them interested. The organization is there and it is necessary only to have a speaker go into the scools now and then, and always to keep reading matter from the commission on the reading tables at all schools.

Another field for the work is the Boy Scout movement. Conservation will be well served if every sportsman and game publication reaches all local boy scout headquarters. State issued bulletins should be placed on the tables at these club-rooms, and it is safe to say they will not lack readers. The whole idea of conservation is embodied, in a way, in the purpose of this organization. Already the large number of sportsmen's periodicals going into homes has aroused an interest among boys, evidenced by numerous letters to magazines.

Education of the public is one of the chief purposes behind the Wisconsin Game Protective Association and the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League. The latter is rapidly taking hold among sportsmen, and already has 117 chapters throughout the state. While there are many local and independent game and conservation clubs in the state, a number of them aleady have added their membership rolls to the League, and others are considering the move.

Now, with the doctrine of conservation being diffused among the young people, and with most of the present hunting generation being won over by organizations like those mentioned above, we shall soon be headed toward success in turning Wisconsin's wild-life problem definitely and finally on the upswing.

When we shall have thus gained the interest and co-operation of every citizen of the state, we shall be in a way to realize some really constructive con-

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servation. Legislation and administration then will produce results.

And in the meantime, it is to be hoped, the discussion that followed the last hunting season concerning game conditions will not be forgotten, but kept up vigorously so that the good and bad features of present statutes will be brought out.

Dahlias

Your heart may dance with daffodils
Or frolic with the roses,
But mine will sing with dahlia thrills
By humble homes or mansion hills
Where happiness reposes!

Now pale in thought, now blushing red
In August sunrise glory
Each turns demure a dew-crowned head
To greet me on my latticed bed
So I may read her story.

In smiles I read of care outpoured
By kindly flower lovers,
For in each petal love is stored
And dahlias never hide their hoard;—
Around them sunshine hovers!

In far Elysian fields the shrine
Where all the glories center
For me would be where dahlias shine
In blended colors line on line
To greet me as I enter!

—Sam Bryan.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Wisconsin Magazine, published monthly at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, for April 1, 1925, State of Wisconsin, County of Jefferson, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared B. B. Kneer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Secretary and Treasurer of The Wisconsin Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Wisconsin Magazine, Inc., 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; Editor, Hardy Steeholm, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; Business Manager, Hardy Steeholm, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. 2. That the owners are: The Wisconsin Magazine, Inc., Stockholders: Hardy Steeholm, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; B. B. Kneer, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. 3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

B. B. KNEER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirty-first day of August, 1925.

(Seal) S. R. JONES.

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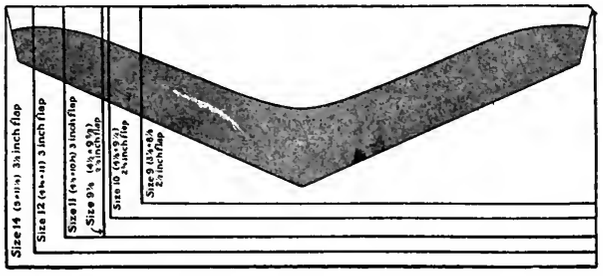

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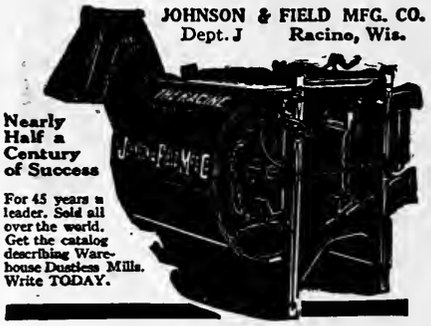

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